

Good Morning 431

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



MUM RECALLS THE (DOG) DAYS FOR

A.B. William Vosper

If anybody laughs at Able-Seaman William Vosper after I've told this story, I'll come and punch him on the nose providing (a) Bill hasn't already done so. (b) the bloke who laughs isn't bigger than I am.

Having made that clear, here's the story as Bill's Mother told it to me.

It all concerns Mac. Now Mac is a smooth-haired, black and white pup, the pride of A.B. Vosper's eye. When Bill took Mac home, the family made rude noises about his tripe hound, asked him questions like "Do you wear it round your neck, or do you hang it up on the wall?"

Bill said nothing. When he joined up, the family had become quite attached to Mac, and when Bill's Dad had to go away from home to work, Mac became the official man-about-the-house.

He turned out a good watchdog too—so good that, when Bill reached 24, Tennyson-avenue, Chorley (Lancs) in the early hours of the morning Mac proved the master for once.

Not wanting to disturb the folk, Bill took down the kitchen blackout, opened the window and clambered into the scullery. Then the fun began. Mac raised hell, grabbed the seat of Bill's pants and darned near took them off.

Forgetting that his only object in climbing through the window was not to make a noise, Bill let out a yell for help, woke up the whole household, and ruefully surveyed his bags.

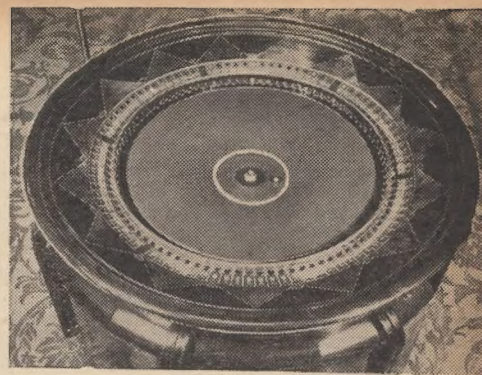
It seems that there are only two things Bill wants to make him happy, and they are a picture of Mum (he's never had one in his life) and a picture of Mac.

When Good Morning cameraman and I called at your home, we found that, although we could satisfy your main desire, we couldn't get a picture of Mac, because he had gone firewatching—or whatever it is dogs do when they mysteriously disappear without warning.

However, here's Mum, looking lovelier than ever. Believe



Got the nerve? Law-and Odds—are against you



Says J. M. MICHAELSON

A JURY at the London Sessions recently created some thing of a sensation by deciding that poker was not a game of skill and, therefore, illegal.

Since experts had given evidence that if poker was not a game of skill, then bridge was even less so, those concerned in bridge clubs became concerned lest they should in turn find themselves charged with keeping or frequenting a "common gaming house".

Poker has been played in Britain for many years, and the fact that it is only now declared illegal is typical of the curious way in which our gambling laws work. In actual fact, this decision is not a "precedent," since it was not given in the High Court, and a club could take the risk of permitting poker to be played.

At least one club has done so, and in the near future another jury will be called upon to consider the matter. They may give a different result.

Some games are definitely declared to be illegal by statute—there is no gamble about their legality. But the legality of games not specifically mentioned, including bridge, depends upon whether they are found to be games of "mere skill," and it is something of a gamble to know what a jury, perhaps containing no players of the game, may decide!

Scientists assert no game of "mere skill" has ever been invented. Chess, generally believed to be a matter of pure skill, could be proved to be the simplest gamble, since given players of equal skill the game must be won by the one that moves first—and this is determined by the crudest gamble of guessing which hand contains a white piece!

There is considerable confusion about what gambles are legal because our many laws on the subject have been passed on many different occasions for many different motives.

In the case of Lotteries, for instance, the early legislators were concerned, not with preventing people gambling, but on

ensuring they only took tickets in Government sweepstakes!

Public opinion changed and Government lotteries ended a century ago, but until the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934, there was considerable confusion in the matter of lotteries and competitions.

The new Act made publishing anything about Lotteries an offence, and "killed" the Irish Sweepstake.

But there is still something of a gamble about competitions. It is an armed truce between those who like a gamble and those who think all gambling is evil rather than an exact definition of what is and is not legal.

Legislation regulating gambling began in the 17th century. The first Gaming Act was designed to protect gentlemen gamblers from sharpers rather than discourage gambling. The second, in 1710, did not forbid gambling, but made illegal the giving of any security for gaming debts.

In addition, it attempted to

reduce the scale of gaming by saying anyone could reclaim a sum of more than £10 lost at a sitting, and allowing a common informer to get penalties for informing on large sums lost.

This provision was largely forgotten until 1842, when a common informer got over £3,500 for informing on a player at a famous London club!

The general idea in the 18th century was that so long as a man did not gamble on credit, he might not come to much harm—when he had lost his cash, he would stop to think.

It is interesting to note that the legislation of the last century, which largely governs racing to-day, goes on exactly the opposite supposition. There is no limit to credit betting, but it is made as difficult as possible to bet in cash.

The Betting Act of 1853 made cash betting illegal, but it left a loophole which made postal, telephone and telegraph betting possible. It also left a loophole by which the "street bookie" could work, but this was closed by a special Street Betting Act in 1906.

The 18th century was wager

mad and the courts were called upon to decide all sorts of curious cases. A man bet another that the Chevalier D'Eon, a diplomat in London with strange ways, was a woman. He produced "proof," but the other refused to pay up.

He sued him in court, and London was agog with the evidence, including that of the Chevalier's doctor. The jury was convinced "he" was a woman, and the court gave judgment accordingly.

Ironically enough when the Chevalier died more than 30 years later, it was proved beyond all doubt he was a man!

In another case, the court was asked to decide whether the notorious Joanna Southcott's claim to have given birth to a child as a result of immaculate conception was sound, as there had been a bet on it.

It refused to do so on the grounds that it was against public policy for such bets to be made. The same reason was given for holding void a wager on how long Napoleon would live. The judge said such wagers might tend to encourage murder!

All these kinds of cases were ended by the Gaming Act of 1845, which made all wagers of any kind void in law. This is the "Gaming Act" which no gentleman pleads to avoid a betting debt.

But this legislation produced nearly as many oddities as it got rid of. For instance, it made it illegal to keep an office or place for betting. The anti-gamblers determined to test whether the ground on which a bookie stood at a racecourse was a "place." The bookmakers were careful to use only portable apparatus and no more "roof" than an umbrella, but the verdict was it was a "place."

All racecourse betting would have come to an end in 1896 with this decision, but sportsmen decided to carry it further. They brought a test case that went to the House of Lords, and the peers proved more "sporting" than the lower court.

A bookie's stand was declared not to be a place within the meaning of the Act.

Another curiosity arose when someone suggested the laws made payment of racing debts by cheque was illegal. The sporting world held its breath until the case reached the Lords, and then breathed freely again. Payment by cheque was held to be legal and the bookmakers' best accounts were saved!

These are only samples of the betting and gambling muddle. Parliament has attempted to tackle it on various occasions, but has never been able to agree enough to do much more than patch.

Very largely the result has been that it remains easy for the fool and his money to be parted, provided the fool is rich enough, but that the ordinary man who wants half-a-crown on the Derby has to break the law to get it on without great expense and trouble.

There's a Beanstalk growing for you A.B. JACK BIRD

THE spotlight to-day is on you and your family, Able-Seaman John Bird, and here are a few tidbits from your home at 7 Malcolm Street, Preston, Lancs.

There was a crisis in the home this morning. The cooker refused to operate properly and your family very nearly had to do without dinner. However, when we arrived the workmen had the matter well in hand, and so, with a final spurt, your mother had lunch ready on time.

But let's get to the family news. . . . Everybody is fine. Jack, and all send their love to you. Your Dad is nearly out of the doctor's hands and hopes to get back to his job very soon. Your mother says he acts and looks like a fish out of water being at home all day. Poor dad feels he is in the way and wants to "get cracking" again! Mother is doing a spot of

gardening, Jack, and hopes to grow you a beanstalk! Here she is.

Alda, home on a couple of day's leave from her nursing job in Bolton, was taking things easily in bed and simply refused—very charmingly, of course—our persuasive efforts to get her to join your mother in the picture.

But we have found sisters all alike. They think the world of their brothers, but do hate to show it openly!

"Give our Jack my love and best wishes, please, and tell him that its just one of those days in Preston when the best place is bed!" Alda called to us from upstairs.

Unfortunately, we had to agree . . . summer is here . . . you know, the Lancashire kind, Jack.

Alda's boy friend, Joe, whom we hear you met in Glb., is as fit as ever and thriving on his Navy life.

Eric wrote to his folks from France the other day. He, too, is in the pink, and we know you will want to say "Good luck" to them both.

Marie was not at home, but hopes to master the art of being a first-class confectioner ere long. Your mother says "She's getting the knack, all right."

Dad paid a visit to your Ashton relations a few days ago and found them all A1. Auntie Hilda pops in now and again to see the family, Jack, so we can guess your name is mentioned a few times.

Saturday afternoon in Malcolm-street—mother and dad are off to the first-house show at the Empire, then over to the "Skevington Arms" to round off the evening. Oh, yes, things are just the same, Jack.

They are all carrying on, working a lot, and playing a little, so try to keep in touch and . . . keep smiling.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

JOURNEY'S END

BEING now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, north-east, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on.

Every one was in the highest spirits, and the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement. Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning there was a sensible change in the temperature.

Sail after sail was added as we drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn the long top-gallant-masts were got up, top-gallant and royal yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying jib-boom upon some duty, and having finished it turned round and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me.

Being so far out from the deck I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel, and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds.

The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out wide and high—highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars and to be out of reach of human hand.

Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas, not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze.

The fine weather brought work with it, as the ship was to be put in order for coming into port.

The new, strong sails, which we had up off Cape Horn, were to be sent down, and the old-set, which were still serviceable in fine weather, to be bent in their place; the ship scraped, inside and out, and painted; decks varnished; new and neat knots, seizings, and coverings to be fitted; and every part put in order, to look well to the owner's eye on coming into Boston.

For a week or ten days after crossing the line we had the usual

variety of calms, squalls, head winds, and fair winds; at one time braced sharp upon the wind, and with a taut bowline, and in an hour after slipping quietly along with a light breeze over the taffrail, and studding-sails out on both sides, until we fell in with the north-east trade-winds.

Beside the natural desire to get home, we had another reason for urging the ship on. The scurvy had begun to show itself on board.



"Well, Sarge, time and time again we've been urged to cut our lighting down to an absolute minimum!"

One man had it so badly as to be disabled and off duty; and the English lad, Ben, was in a dreadful state, and was daily growing worse. His legs swelled and pained him so that he could not walk; his flesh lost its elasticity, so that if it was pressed in, it would not return to its shape; and his gums swelled until he could not open his mouth.

The medicines were all, or nearly all gone; and if we had had a casket-full, they would have been of no use; for nothing but fresh provisions and terra firma has any effect upon the scurvy.

Depending upon the westerly winds, which prevail off the coast in the autumn, the captain stood well to the westward, to run inside of the Bermudas, and in hope of falling in with some vessel bound to the West Indies or the Southern States. The scurvy had spread no farther among the crew, but there was danger it might; and these cases were bad ones.

One morning, about ten o'clock, "Sail ho!" was cried on deck, and all hands turned up to see the stranger.

As she drew nearer, she proved to be an ordinary-looking hermaphrodite brig, standing south-south-east. She hove-to for us, and we hailed her—"Brig ahoy!"—"Hullo!"—"Where are you from, pray?"—"From New York, bound to Curacao."—"Have you any fresh provisions to spare?"—"Ay, ay! plenty of them!"

We lowered away the quarter-boat instantly; and the captain and four hands sprang in, and were soon dancing over the water, and alongside the brig. In about half an hour they returned with half a boat-load of potatoes and onions, and each vessel filled away, and kept on her course.

With a fine south-west wind we passed inside of the Bermudas; and notwithstanding the old couplet, which was quoted again and again by those who thought we should have one more touch of a storm before our voyage was up—"If the Bermudas let you pass, You must beware of Hatteras!"

we were to the northward of Hatteras, with good weather, and beginning to count, not the days, but the hours, to the time when we should be at anchor in Boston harbour.

We turned out one daybreak to get a sight of land. In the grey of the morning, one or two small fishing smacks peered out of the mist; and when the broad day broke upon us, there lay the low sand-hills of Cape Cod over our larboard quarter, and before us the wide waters of Massachusetts Bay, with here and there a sail gliding over its smooth surface.

As we drew in toward the mouth of the harbour the vessels began to multiply, until the bay seemed actually alive with sails gliding about in every direction—some on the wind, others before it, as they were bound to or from the emporium of trade and centre of the bay.

It was a stirring sight for us, who had been months on the ocean without seeing anything but two solitary sails, and over two years without seeing more than the three or four traders on an almost desolate coast.

We had all set our hearts upon getting up to town before night, and going ashore. In half an hour more we were lying snugly, with all sails furling, safe in Boston harbour, our long voyage ended.

We had just done furling the sails, when a beautiful little pleasure-boat luffed up into the wind, under our quarter, and the junior partner of the firm, to which our ship belonged, jumped on board.

I saw him from the mizzen topsail-yard, and knew him well.

The last time I had seen him I was in the uniform of an undergraduate of Harvard College, and now, to his astonishment, there came down from aloft a "rough alley" looking fellow, with duck trousers and red shirt, long hair,

WANGLING WORDS—370

1. Put a tradesman in CER and make a gossip.
2. In the following title of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Tignoth meoh show oyu kantig.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MEET into PART and then back again into MEET, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden pastries in: Ted goes to that arts club, unsafe though the building is.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 369

1. CARAWAY.
2. O my juve's like a red, red rose.
3. Table (L-a-t-e, plus b.)
4. Bel-fast, D-over.

JANE

The girls are pursuing Bert's lorry—and the disguised lodger—in the painter's van...



TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 20

and face burnt as black as an Indian's.

He shook me by the hand, congratulated me upon my return, and my appearance of health and strength, and said my friends were all well.

The captain went up to town in the boat with Mr. H—, and left us to pass another night on board ship, and to come up with the morning's tide under command of the pilot.

So much did we feel ourselves to be already at home, in anticipation, that our plain supper of hard bread and salt beef was barely touched; and many on board, to whom this was the first voyage, could scarcely sleep.

About ten o'clock a sea-breeze sprang up, and the pilot gave orders to get the ship under way.

All hands manned the windlass; and the long-drawn "Yo, heave, ho!" which we had last heard dying away among the desolate hills of San Diego, soon brought the anchor to the bows; and, with a fair wind and tide, a bright sunny morning, royals and sky-sails set, ensign, streamer, signals, and pennant flying, and with our guns firing, we came swiftly and handsomely up to the city.

Off the end of the wharf, we rounded-to and let go our anchor; and no sooner was it on the bottom than the decks were filled with people—custom house officers; the agent, to inquire for news; others inquiring for friends on board, or left upon the coast; and last and chief, boarding-house runners, to secure their men.

The city bells were just ringing one when the last turn was made fast, and the crew dismissed; and in five minutes more, not a soul was left on board the good ship "Alert" but the old ship-keeper, who had come down from the counting-house to take charge of her.

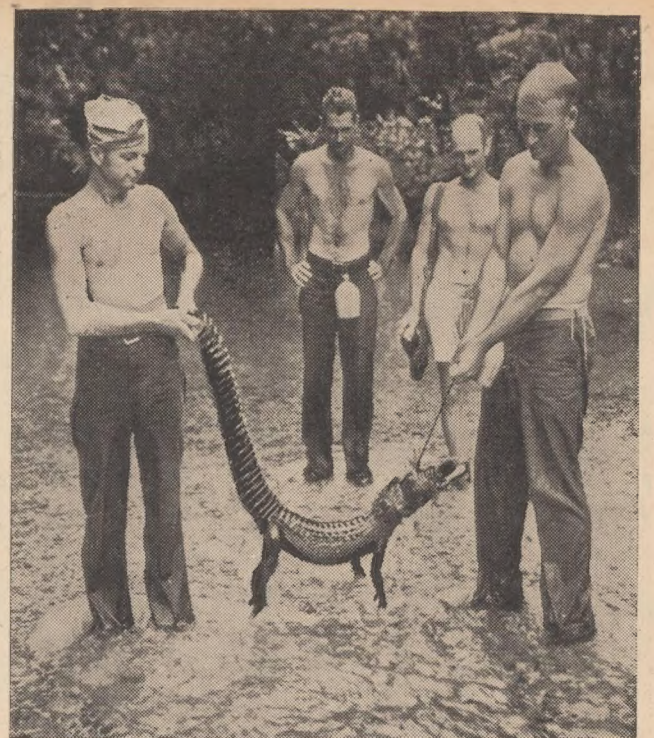
END.

OLD CHIPS FROM THE NEW BLOCK.

A pessimist thinks all girls are immoral. An optimist just hopes they are.

Father: "I think I'll retire next year, son, and leave my business to you."

Son: "What's the hurry, Dad? You'd better carry on for a couple of years, then we can both retire."



THIS CATCH STOPPED THE PARTY.

These American soldiers wanted some fish, so they took some dynamite and blasted away in a pool on Guadalcanal. Their catch at first appeared to be a large fish, but when they pulled it out of the water it turned into a five-foot crocodile. All fishing ceased from that time on.

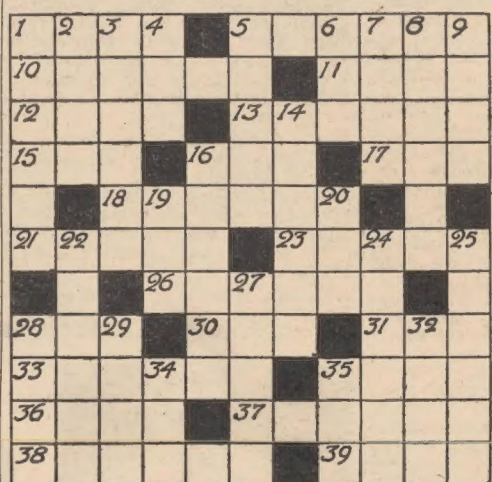
IS Newcombe's Short odd—But True

The taxi-meter is a development of the 17th century odometer, an instrument for measuring distances travelled by wheeled vehicles.

In 1914, 13 men left the 13-housed village of Woolley, Somerset, to go to the war, and 13 came home safe again.

From Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's account of his and his crew's escape from death in the Pacific: "We organized little prayer meetings in the evening and morning. Frankly and humbly, we prayed for deliverance. Then we prayed for food. If it wasn't for the fact that I had seven witnesses, I wouldn't dare tell this story because it seems so fantastic. But within an hour after prayer meeting a sea-gull came in and landed on my head. We ate it raw."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Roguish.
- 5 Puts together.
- 10 Keen admiration.
- 11 Manufactured goods.
- 12 Level.
- 13 Holding.
- 15 Colour.
- 16 Adults.
- 17 Put on.
- 18 Tendon.
- 21 Produce.
- 23 Cook at fire.
- 26 Stable trough.
- 28 Incline.
- 30 Hawthorn.
- 31 Pinch.
- 33 At one.
- 35 Be conveyed.
- 36 Note.
- 37 Ice formation.
- 38 Drink maker.
- 39 Barks.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fracas.
- 2 Law.
- 3 Bed.
- 4 Pungent.
- 5 Entertained.
- 6 Beard of corn.
- 7 Girl's name.
- 8 Mistakes.
- 9 Observed.
- 14 Vim.
- 16 Woman's title.
- 19 Tree.
- 20 Eggs.
- 22 Laundry hand.
- 24 Medicinal plant.
- 25 Tents.
- 27 Lowest point.
- 28 Without feeling.
- 29 Foreign coin.
- 32 Vainly.
- 34 Coarse flax.
- 35 Bone.

RAM DE CAMP
ORIGIN TOOK
ORLOP LOOSE
MILE GANDER
VESTURE R
GET WAG RAY
R FIREMEN
UPHOLD EGGS
FLAIL BARON
FURS GENERA
METHOD TAG

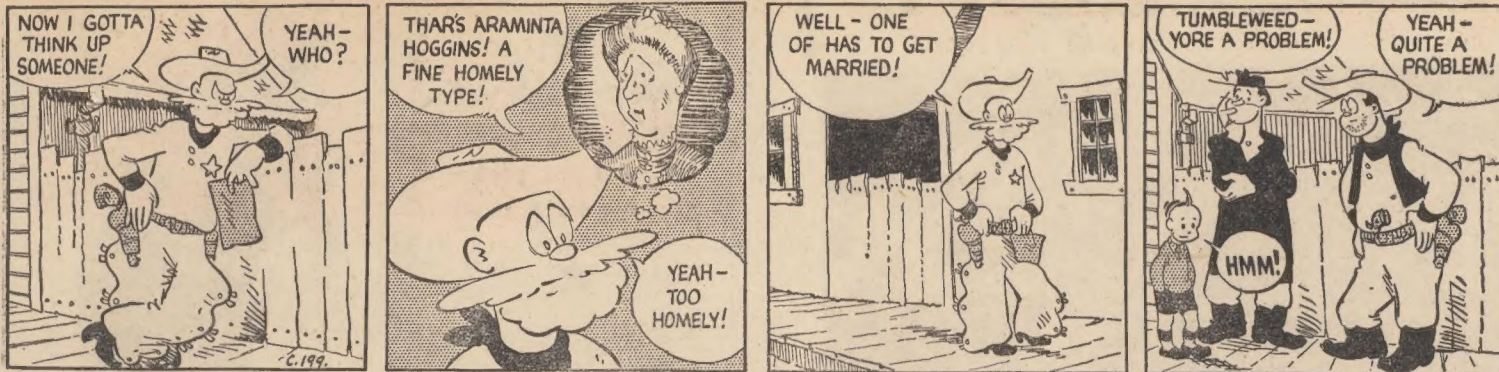
QUIZ for today

1. A rai is an Indian coin, Siamese land measure, Egyptian idol, African hut, Chinese magistrate?
2. Who were the "Two Prophets" of the Victorian era?
3. What is the temperature of liquid air?
4. Who was Attila?
5. Of what wood are beer-barrels made?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Remex, Remon, Remix, Reman, Remit.

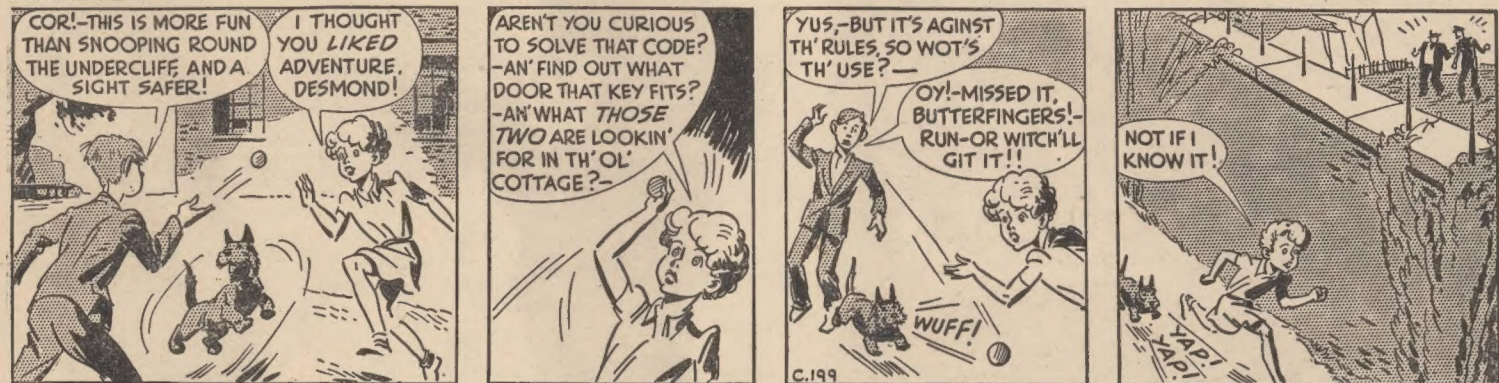
Answers to Quiz in No. 430

1. Strip of leather.
2. John Wycliffe, 1378.
3. Chrysanthemum.
4. Tartar conqueror of Samarkand, who overran Persia, India and Egypt about A.D. 1400.
5. Pinkish-red.
6. Relion.

BEELZEBUB JONES



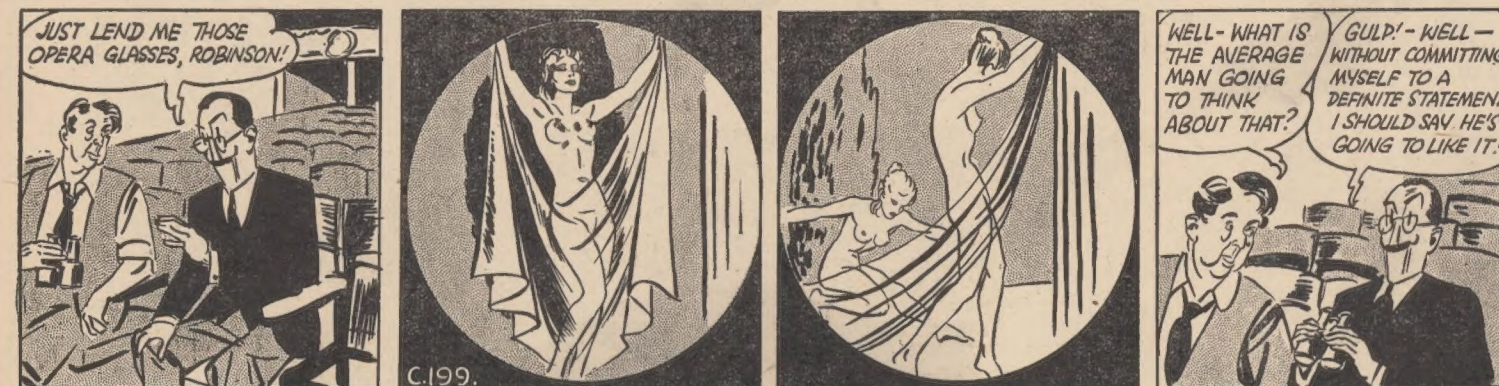
BELINDA



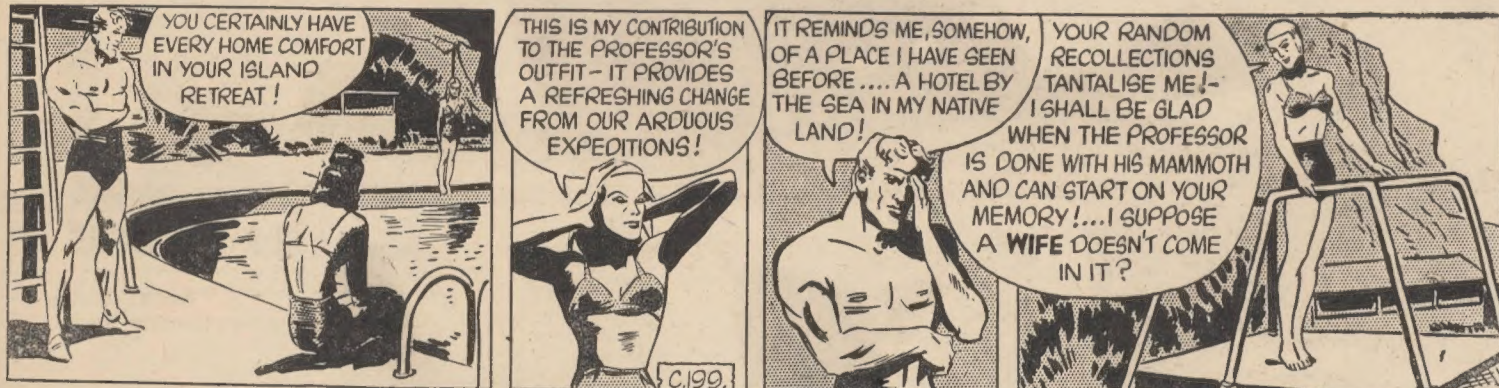
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A SENSATION in athletic circles was caused by the defeat of the great little miler Sydney Wooderson by an unknown.

The Stalin Mile, run at Fallowfield, Manchester, was won by a science teacher of London University. His name is C. A. Bunton. Wooderson was second.

Wooderson naturally started from scratch, and Bunton received 80 yards, but he ran well, clocking 4min. 10 4-5sec., and finished 20 yards ahead of Wooderson, with Douglas Wilson (Polytechnic) a further five yards behind for third place.

Wooderson clocked 4min. 12 4-5sec., against the 4min. 11 1-5sec. which won him the mile at Manchester last year. He made a determined effort to draw up to Bunton, but could not overhaul the young London University runner.

This form suggests that Wooderson will have to improve quite a bit if he ever hopes to catch up with those Swedes, Arne, Andersson and Gundar Hagg, who have got closer to that four-minute mile than any other humans.



NEW - STYLE "home-from-home" clubs are, I learn, to be opened by N.A.A.F.I. in Leeds, Nottingham, Newcastle, Darlington, Lincoln, Leicester, Sleaford, and Doncaster, where premises have been secured for conversion purposes.

Each club will cost approximately ten thousand pounds, and will have a host and hostess—a new departure in N.A.A.F.I.'s facilities for the troops—and it is intended to make them the "last word" in comfort.

Every one will have baths, hairdressing saloons, facilities for games of all kinds, information bureaux, eating, writing and rest rooms, and entertainments.

There will even be a hall porter. The "Service with a Smile" girls will have distinctive new maroon dresses—with the manageress in a green uniform. The resident manager will act as host, and W.V.S. personnel, working on a rota system, will provide the hostesses.

The first club to be opened may be at Leeds, where a three-storeyed building in Albion-street, near the railway stations, has been taken over. Workmen are now engaged in alteration work, and soon the furnishings scheme will be started.

There will be "comfy" settees and chairs provided in a bright atmosphere with a refreshing colour scheme in brown, golden and green.

"These clubs will be created from our knowledge of what the Service men and women really want when off-duty," a Northern N.A.A.F.I. official told me.



WHEN I saw the name of John Carverth Wells on a book called "My Candle at Both Ends," my mind went back to the weeks immediately prior to the war.

At that time I knew a match-seller, whose beat was outside the Empire, Leicester Square. This author, I find, was the match-seller. In his autobiography he tells the story of the globe-trottings which, alas, occasioned the malady of which he is still the victim, and of his various tiltings with journalistic Fortune before making a considerable name as Blackpool's own poet.

Mr. Wells writes with tremendous gusto—certainly his book compels an admiration for its writer's sheer intestinal fortitude, even as it assures a compelling interest in his extraordinarily varied career. In particular, "My Candle at Both Ends" is most vivid in its account of the author's adventures in darkest Africa, adventures which have the genuine tang of exploratory thrill.



JACK KING, licensee of the Greyhound Hotel, Fulham Palace Road, tells me he is losing glasses by the hundred—replacements cost him up to five pounds weekly.

He told the same story at the West London Police Court recently. Subsequently, Mrs. Elizabeth Calderhead was fined ten shillings for stealing a whisky glass.

I hear there were numerous offers to pay the fine on account of the popularity of her husband when he was alive. Her husband was a former manager of Chelsea Football Club.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

This England

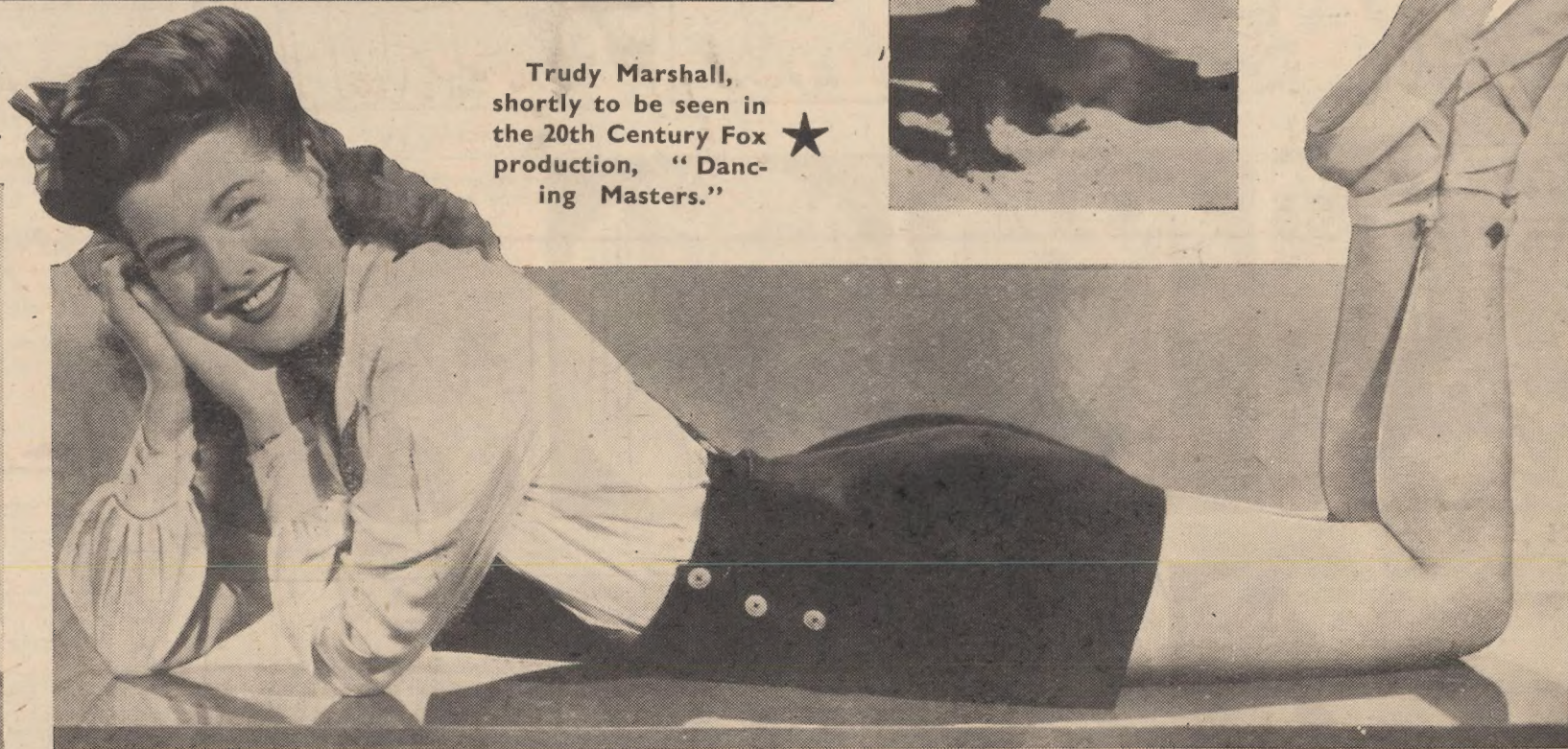
The little bridge over the Great Stour, that flows through Canterbury and into the sea at Pegwell Bay, Kent.



The lamb who wants everything saying with flowers.



Trudy Marshall, shortly to be seen in the 20th Century Fox production, "Dancing Masters."



After you've rubbed your hair, sister, will you please give me a dry, too."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Been wool-gathering, baby?"



"Gosh, I've sure made a mess of ladies' knitting."